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The Frances Shimer Record

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Mount Carroll, Illinois

The Frances Shimer Record

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Junior College Class Poem

O Sophomore Class of '28
Tomorrow—as we here wait
Our time to march—
May memories of these two years,
Spent here, in mingled smiles and tears,
Be never lost to us;
And as in sorrow, then, we part
A few afraid—deep in their hearts—
Of what the future holds;
Remember that today will then be yesterday,
And only memories of these few months will stay
With us as pictures;
Memories of the friends we've made,
Memories of the thoughts we've laid
Away in treasure-store.
'Tis such as these we weave in dreams
As time goes on—the time that seems
To make us all just memories.

—Madalene Mosher, College '28.

Senior Class Poem--1928

The Senior Class of '28
Has no applause to ask
For any fine accomplishment
Of some portentous task.

We seek no place in Halls of Fame
Where other classes are
We do not beg our deeds to be
All heralded afar.

We only stand as classes do
Bound by one ideal
And the oneness of the way
We act, we hope, we feel.

Our Nebby stands for principles,
Which are both true and high,
And thus it is we've tried our best
Always to keep him high.

So in the History of this school
When we are here no more
A page that tells of Happiness
Is all that we implore.

And when we all have gone the ways
Mapped out for us by Fate,
In Memory we still will be
The Class of '28.

Madelaine Mendelsohn, Academy '28.

TERESA

The sun beat with a golden intensity upon the patio of Don Federico Mendrigo. The warm rosy rays caressed a bewildering fantasy of flowers and shrubs. The fat lazy bee, flying from flower to flower in their yellow velvet jackets, hummed a steady monotone. The butterflies—the dainty “mariposas”—hovered over the bright foliage as if they felt too warm and drowsy to indulge in further exertion.

Behind a vine-hung trellis, sheltered from the sunlight, a woman laughed. The clear tinkly sound shattered the stillness as if a tiny glass had been dropped. Then came the murmur: “But Don Felipe is so droll!” And again the tinkly laugh.

A portly white-haired gentleman, entering the patio, heard the laughter and smiled. He looked pleased and satisfied, and after standing still for a moment, he turned and disappeared once more into the house.

A resident of Southern California, in the days of the early “40’s” would have emphatically nodded his head and would have launched upon a vast sea of eager explanation regarding Don Federico Mendrigo. A vastly rich and important man was he, in fact, a Great Personage. His lands stretched out imposingly; his sheep numbered many and always brought the highest prices for their wool; his orchards and vineyards yielded fine harvests. Many people envied this great man his good fortune; although this, in no way, lessened their respect for him.

In spite of the benevolences heaped upon him by Fortune, Don Federico was ambitious. It is perhaps a common trait of nature that, no matter how much a man has he is always willing, more than willing, to

grasp more. The fruits of success taste very sweet; their juice has a certain intoxicating quality. But the worm in the fruit of Don Federico was that he had no son with whom he could leave his name and estates. It is true that there was a daughter; but a daughter, no matter how charming and gifted she may be, can never take the place of a son. However, there is always the hope for an ambitious father with an only daughter, that some day he may have a fine son-in-law to whom the lands may be entrusted. And that is the reason for the extreme satisfaction that Don Federico felt when he heard his daughter laughing in the sun-drenched patio, with Felipe Valdes.

Felipe would have made a perfect son-in-law, and could have satisfied even the exactness of Don Federico. He was young, charming to talk with, possessed handsome features and, most important, a comfortable fortune. There was a sufficient supply of eager mothers who would gladly have seen any one of their daughters become betrothed to this young man. But these same mothers had found it necessary to stifle their sighs of disappointment and to suppress their ambitions, when it became known that Felipe was attracted to the beautiful daughter of Don Federico Mendrigo.

It would be a simple but charming story to tell how the wealthy young man wooed and won the equally wealthy senorita; what a beautiful wedding they had had; how happy they were; how much they loved each other. It would be charming but untrue.

Teresa Mendrigo was not interested in marriage; she did not patiently await that inevitable day, as every well-bred Spanish girl should, when she would marry the husband of her father's choosing. This young girl, with her smooth black hair and her clear amber eyes, was waiting for the dashing lover who, she was confident, would some day appear. She led a happy indolent life in her father's luxurious hacienda. Why was it necessary to take upon herself the duties and anxieties which marriage would probably bring forth? She was content with matters as they were; and remained cool and detached, even slightly amused, when suitors came to seek her hand. She was happy to have them come, and would sing gay Spanish songs with her liquid voice, and would dance an occasional "sequidilla"—her vivid shawl enwrapping her like the petals of some brilliant tropical flower.

The eyes of the suitors would widen with admiration to win such a prize. But Teresa, with a flirt of a lacy fan, would languidly close her eyes in indifference.

On a night heavy with moonlight, Teresa was awakened from her usual tranquil sleep by the sounds of dreamy music. She sleepily rubbed her eyes and was startled when she heard that it came from below her balcony. A girl, as much sought after as Teresa, had naturally had many moon-light serenades. It was merely the old Spanish custom of showing admiration. But somehow this music was different. There was an intangible something about it that seemed irresistible to Teresa. It was plaintive and lilting, soft and carressing. Teresa, both fascinated and

curious, tiptoed to the window and very discreetly drew back the curtain so that she could see the unknown musician.

She could easily distinguish the young serenader's features, for the moon shone directly on his handsome upturned face. He was dark and vivid, and his clothes were strange—the colors were gypsy-like in their brightness. She noticed his lean brown hands as they lingered over the strings of his guitar. He was playing so softly that Teresa assured herself that no one could possibly hear him except herself.

Suddenly, the music stopped and Teresa, wondering, saw him stoop and break a creamy white rose from a bush by his side. He gaily tossed it upon the little grilled balcony, then turned with a flourish, leaped nimbly over the garden wall, and disappeared.

Teresa stood for a moment, dazed. All that had just happened seemed unreal. Was it true? Did it really happen? Teresa asked herself these questions, and then thought of that white rose which had been flung so lightly on her balcony. She started for the long window leading to this balcony, but suddenly, with a shrug of her shoulders, she resolutely stopped and just as resolutely returned to bed. She sternly told herself it was merely an unimportant incident and that the fascinating stranger was probably no more than a strolling "ne'er-do-well". She closed her eyes, determined to sleep; but the vision of those thin brown hands as they lingered over the strings of the guitar, stayed before her.

In the morning, when the sun filled the room and probed open Teresa's eyes, the episode of the past night seemed but a vague dream. Later, however, as she stepped out on the balcony to take her morning chocolate, she noticed a creamy white rose on the floor—its petals wrinkled like parchment by the sun. She smiled faintly; then flung the rose downward, over the railing, as it first had been flung upward. Very coolly, she sat down to enjoy her breakfast.

The next night, and for many nights following, Teresa heard the same soft music, and in the morning found the inevitable white rose on her balcony. The girl sought to quench her feeling of elation; her heart felt light and happy; she laughed more than she had before, but the laughter held no mockery in it.

And then, one night, Teresa did a daring thing. She was eagerly waiting for the first soft strains that would tell that her musician had come. She flung her great shawl tightly about her, and quickly slipped out upon the balcony. She stood proudly poised; her head very high; her lips curved scornfully. The music broke off; the dark eager eyes of the stranger were lifted in astonishment to her face. Then he quickly regained his arrogant composure and made a low sweeping bow like some old world courtier.

"You have enjoyed my music—perhaps?" he asked with a smile.

Her eyes met his, and held. Suddenly, her cheeks flushed and Teresa looked away. She bit her lip in vexation—she had never felt this strange feeling of shyness before, but had always been cool and self-possessed.

Before many weeks had passed the unbelievable had happened. Teresa Mendrigo, the proud, the unattainable, had fallen in love with a handsome young Mexican singer, who sadly lacked both money and position. Teresa, in spite of her happiness, shuddered when she thought of the time when her father would have to be told that his daughter intended to become the wife of a man outside of her rank and class. Unlike her characteristic fearlessness she put off this dreaded conference.

Teresa was sitting behind that vine-hung trellis where so short a time before she had been with Felipe Valdes. She sat idly, her eyes cloudy with dreams of a rose-tinted future. She did not hear steps approaching, and did not realize that her father was standing before her until he spoke:

"I am happy to find you here, Carissima; there is a matter I wish to discuss." He sat down on the bench beside her and lovingly stroked her lacquer-smooth hair.

"My little girl is really not such a little girl any more! She is growing up very fast and is becoming a fine lady. Have you ever thought that some day you will be marrying, Teresa mia?"

The girl's lips smiled, but her eyes were puzzled. What could her father mean?

"Every girl has the thought that some day she may marry, my father," she answered demurely.

"And that is as it should be, my dear. I am sure you will be very much pleased at what I am going to tell you." He paused; while Teresa's thoughts were confused. She felt both nervous and doubtful. Her father spoke:

"Senior Valdes and I have drawn up an agreement by which you are to become his son's betrothed. I know that you will readily agree to this, for Felipe is the most desirable young man in the country."

Teresa's eyes had widened with a look of incredulity. Her dream castle had shattered; it had crumbled like sand at her father's words. She slowly shook her head and whimpered:

"No, no—father, no—it must not be—"

Don Federico could not be convinced that his adored daughter was actually defying him; that she did not consent to his wishes. He could not conceive any reason for her unwarranted behavior.

"What is this absurd notion that makes Felipe so distasteful to you?" he demanded.

Teresa still spoke in her perky whisper:

"Father—it cannot be—it *must* not be—I love another, father—don't you understand? I love another!"

Don Federico was usually a mild man; and especially was he mild with his daughter. But the temper that was so successfully hidden, now sprang into quick action. That his Teresa should sit before him and say that she loved a man, completely unknown to him, lashed his pent-up anger into a white fury.

"And who may this unknown lover be?" he coldly inquired.

Teresa had by this time regained her confidence. She looked at her father with lids narrowed over smouldering eyes, and told him haughtily, "His name is Amando Jimenez, and he is a poor and unknown Mexican singer; but I love him, and am proud of it; and you must not dare to ask me to marry Felipe Valdes!"

Her eyes were blazing now and her voice trembled with emotion.

Her father's words sounded like cold steel as he spoke, his own eyes burning: "So! And that is the way it is. You would show your devotion and respect for your father by wishing to marry an unknown 'Mexicano'. But"—he paused threateningly—"do not forget that wishes do not always come true!"

After her father had left her, Teresa sank down upon the bench, white and spent; her golden world had turned as gray as ashes.

Don Federico's method of forcing his daughter into submission to his will was extremely old-fashioned. Teresa was kept a virtual prisoner. All of the doors of her room, including the one to the balcony, were carefully locked. The girl, however, maintained a stolid silence. When her father came to see if his procedure was bringing about any effect, she would look at him with rebellious eyes and say nothing.

In spite of Teresa's imprisonment the soft serenades continued each night; and a white rose was tossed each time upon the balcony. There was a growing number of roses, some brown and crumpled, others still smooth and white when Teresa one morning, persuaded her old "Criada", the faithful Maria, to bring the whitest and freshest rose to her.

The girl was pressing its cool velvet to her cheek when her father entered the room in a grave and pompous manner. At last Don Federico had devised a plan which he was certain could not fail in its purpose.

"Teresa," he began, "I find it necessary since you remain so obstinate, to give you your choice of one of two things. You must either consent to become the bride of Felipe Valdes, or you must prepare to spend the rest of your life in a convent. I will allow you an hour in which to make a decision."

Teresa had not moved all the time her father was speaking. But when the door closed she slowly clenched the rose in her hands and the white petals fell like tears.

An hour later when her father returned he was faced by a tranquil daughter.

"Father, I have made my decision," she said quietly. "Tomorrow I shall leave to enter the convent of 'Sas Hennannas de la Sez'."

The old stone wall of the quiet convent seemed to lull the tumult in Teresa's soul as she entered. The sombre beauty of the nunnery was cool and restful. But Teresa, although ashamed to admit it in even her most secret soul, felt as though they were bars of a prison, shutting her in from all the light and beauty and gaiety of the outside world.

"I am wicked, I am wicked!" she would repeat over and over in

the dim candle-lighted chapel. Tears slipped unheeded down her cheeks. "Help me not to think such things! Help me, I am so wicked!"

But love was not easy to forget. Teresa kept remembering, against her will, a dark vivid face, and lean brown fingers; and the strains of a caressing song sounded persistently in her ears.

Then, on an evening jewelled with stars and soft with the fragrance of roses, Teresa slipped into the quaint garden of the old convent, after telling her beads in the chapel. Her heart seemed to stop beating and her throat burned as she heard the strains of a lilting love song played as no one in the world but Armando Jimenez could play. Swiftly she knelt in the dewy grass. With her hands clasped tightly, her eyes luminous, she pleadingly said:

"It is the right thing for me to do; I know that it is the right thing to do, for it was meant to be so!"

Then she reverently kissed the rosary and slipped quietly out through the tall iron gate.

—Florence Fick, College '29.

A Tale Told

The town clock struck twelve. Slowly walking on the railroad tracks I approached the village. The moon, like an all seeing eye of the night, watched over each tiny and each large home that no danger might molest those sleeping peacefully within. As you can remember how the dozing, dark town looked to you the first time you entered it at midnight, I need not describe how empty and desolate it might look to a stranger.

I sat down on the front steps of the deserted station to watch idly the twelve-twenty train go by. Soon it whistled warningly, as if it expected ill deeds from this sleeping village. Around the bend came the puffing and panting engine. There was much groaning and grating of brakes; it seemed that the whole train offered its raucous protests at stopping. It squeaked and groaned again, and with slow and laborious movements, started off again having left but a single passenger, a woman standing among the array of baggage. I remember thinking what a pretty silhouette she made against the silver of the moon. She stood looking about as if vainly seeking a taxi, a thing indeed that our village has never known.

I stepped from the shadows of the station and asked if I might be of some assistance. She had not seen my approach; I quite startled her; immediately she pulled a veil about her face. That action I could not understand. Though I had only a glimpse of her face, it seemed drawn and tired and was the face of youth of usual happiness. Yet it seemed also to carry a great and rare beauty.

She hesitated before she answered in a tone that denoted that there was nothing else to do but accept my assistance.

"Thank you. You are very kind." Daintily she waved her hands toward her luggage. "Could not my bags and boxes be left here some where? On the morrow then I can send for them."

Her voice was sweet and musical, and I would have said that it was usually a light gay voice, now grown tired and weary.

I carried them into the station. She assisted by carrying the smaller hat boxes. I noticed that she limped as if from physical pain rather than from deformity. I asked if I might not accompany her to her destination as it was evident that she was not familiar with the town. She but asked the way to the old Krueller home. There has always been the belief that the house is haunted. Old Pete lived there with a small boy, and one day they disappeared and were never seen or heard of afterward. Many strange things have happened around that house since.

I felt quite concerned about this young lady's welfare and asked her if she was not mistaken. I wished to tell her all about the mysteries and horrors that surrounded this house. However there was some air about her that made one feel that silence was best. Perhaps it was her own reticence that impressed me so. She answered a bit sharply, as if I had trespassed upon something personal in questioning her destination. The sting of her words spurred me to obedience. I gave her the desired directions and offered again to accompany her. I met a curt refusal followed by a courteous and kindly thanks for my help. She turned and limping slightly, made her way toward the Krueller house.

I looked after her perplexed and bewildered. Who was this young woman? In fact she could have been hardly more than a girl. She was beautiful. Why did she mysteriously veil her beauty as soon as she became aware of my presence? Was she staying indefinitely in this town? Why did she arrive on the midnight train? She could have come at ten the next morning. Surely that would have been preferable to entering a strange town at midnight, and to seeking a still more strange house.

All these confusions of thought raced through my mind before she was out of sight. As she went over the hilltop I started in that general direction. I had the advantage of living on the crest of the hill and could look into her garden. Luckily there were no buildings between the two houses and only a few trees to obstruct my view. However they served the purpose of hiding me and my window from her sight.

Already a candle burned on the table in the Krueller house. I lost all sense of time as I partly dozed in a chair before the window. Evidently I fell asleep; when I awoke the light was out, and I felt uneasy about my new neighbor.

The next day I went to the Krueller house. Mentally I had listed many questions and I was going to find out about this mysterious woman. On the locked gateway was a note. It must be for me. The contents proved that it was intended for me. It contained a brief sentence of acknowledgement for the help I had been the previous night, and also a request that I would not approach the Krueller house again.

My curiosity turned to anger. I resolved never to go near the place. Had she known that some day I might possibly—no, I must not get ahead of my story.

For ten years I have been near her house to watch her. Never has she left the yard. Never has a person been admitted inside of the walls about her home. Everything that she may need is delivered to the back gate of the wall. For a short time great boxes of books would arrive by express; then they diminished in number, and now it has been years since a book has arrived.

How lonely and unhappy she must be. Again and again I wondered who she was and why she was there. I noticed that her limp lessened until in a year her walk was quite normal again.

Scores of evenings I have sat before the window, smoking, and wondering what her life had been. Did the limp have anything to do with her isolation from the world? About this idea I wove various tales. Perhaps she was a notorious criminal. The limp was the result of a bullet. She had escaped and had come to this simple town to live alone and repent. The fault of this story lay in the fact that she did not in the least look like a criminal. Perhaps her lover had met death and in grief she had hidden herself from the world. This sounded probable.

Two months ago I was visiting an art exhibit at New York. One picture in particular attracted me. The subject was most queerly placed to have a portrait painted. It was a beautiful young girl, yet her face was sad. She was in a wheelchair.

I stood for a long while before the picture. Next day I returned. Why did this picture of a sad, beautiful girl so attract and fascinate an old bachelor like me? I longed to bring this sorrowing girl her share of happiness. I was dreaming when I became aware of another's presence. "You like the picture." It was a statement rather than a question. "Indeed you must or you would not have returned to stand before it today," he smiled a careworn smile.

"It has gripped my mind—and memories somehow. I cannot understand why the artist has painted her so. Why should such sadness be painted. She should sit in a golden brocaded gown. A charming smile should be substituted for the tears."

"Have you never seen a woman in a golden brocaded gown and shedding tears upon the same occasion?" He was talking dreamily, like myself his thoughts were upon the sad, tearful eyes, and the puckered crimson lips in the portrait.

"No, I've never seen such a combination," I said. "Indeed I have," I cried excitedly. Suddenly I had tumbled upon the reason of the fascination of the picture for me. The mysterious lady next door in my home town had at one time appeared in a brocaded gown in her gardens, and she had wept. Often she would attire herself in beautiful garments and sit in the garden. Only this one time had I seen her express her sorrow. How I longed to comfort her. The girl in the picture greatly resembled

the face I had seen momentarily in the moonlight ten years ago.

"It is she," I cried, "I have seen her sad in her brocaded gown." The man beside me looked bewildered at my sudden excited tone and the unreasonable words I had spoken.

"Sorry, sirs." This was a third voice and I turned to see a guide of the exhibit. "This is closing hour."

"Let us continue our conversation at dinner, if you have not dined yet." I accompanied him to a nearby hotel, to the roofgarden. He continued the conversation. "You are mistaken. The girl disappeared and left me lonely and desolate. I was at Rome at the time of her disappearance, after an accident where she had been injured. Had I not wished to have painted, in her memory, had I not wished to put her beauty upon canvas, I should have followed her into the unknown."

"It is she," I said doggedly in a voice hardly audible, "I know it is she." We finished dinner in silent thought. The cigarettes after we had finished eating, broke the spell. I started the conversation rather awkwardly.

"Was she your model?" I hesitatingly asked.

"It was she that I have always painted. My best has been she, but she never knew." He thought dreamily for a few minutes and then started to talk again. "I remember once she told me that if any physical injury would ever make it impossible for her to continue her toe dancing she hoped she would not live. One memory-tinged night, the lake was a silver pond where the reflection of the moon sailed like a golden boat upon the quiet water. My little sweetheart told me that she danced so beautifully because she loved me, and that I loved her because she danced." Suddenly he seemed to realize that he had been baring his heart to a stranger. Stiffly he rose. Formally he announced that he had an appointment. As he left he handed me his card, with an invitation to call at his studio the next time I was in New York. For a moment our eyes met and felt a bond of mutual understanding between us.

It was also time for me to start to the station to take the homeward train. The first thing I heard when I arrived home was that my neighbor was ill. I sought the doctor and my request was granted. I had wished to attend him the next time he made a call upon my unknown neighbor.

Late that afternoon he stopped for me and we visited this house of mystery which none other had visited since that day ten years ago when this strange woman had arrived.

"She may lose her mind. I think she will. If she could see some one or something that she had known before her isolation in that old house I believe her memory would be restored. As it is I fear there is nothing to help her"—those were the doctor's words.

We turned in the rusty old gateway. I felt excited and curious. The patient was asleep. I walked about the queer old house. It was arranged artistically. The books upon the shelves were by the best authors and showed that their owner had a cultivated mind.

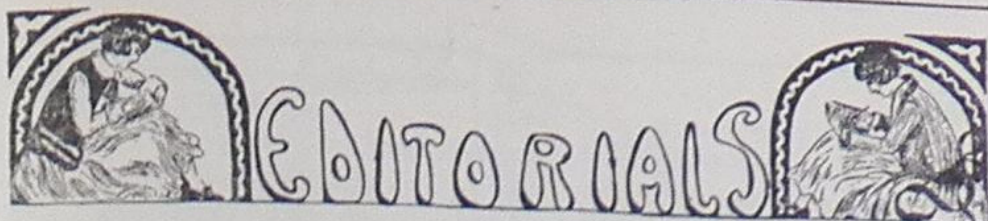
THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

As perhaps you have guessed from hearing me relate this tale, I had become positive that these two people of whom I have spoken were the lost lovers. My guess was established as correct, for I found a picture of the man I had accidentally learned to know at New York. On the back of the picture was written, "Soon I shall have my little dancing girl forever.—Elbert H." Under this in feminine handwriting—"It could not be."

I rushed from the house, long known as the house of horrors, to the station. I sent a telegram to Elbert Hutledge, the name that was upon the card given to me by the New York artist. A telegram from my business company ordered me to return to the city immediately for business purposes. That is why I am now again in New York. Tomorrow I shall return home. I am most anxious to know if I have removed years of sorrow for my unknown neighbor, and my acquaintance, Elbert Hutledge.

—Thyria Hughart, College '29.



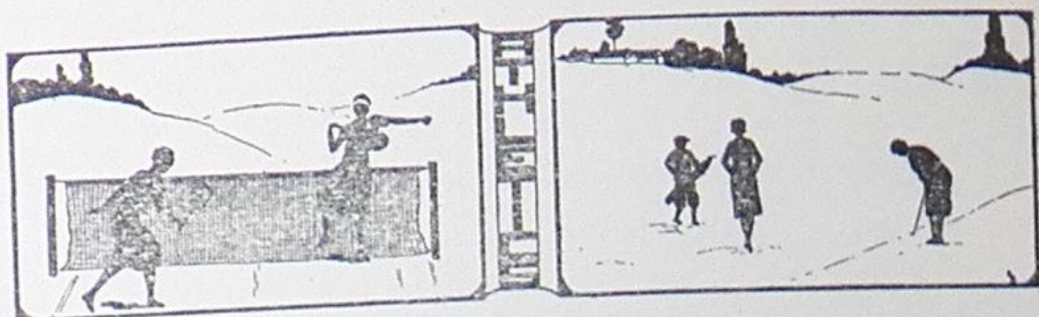


The editor seated herself at her study table and with some difficulty cleared a space just large enough to admit a notebook. A stubby, red pencil was found in the far corner of an empty drawer and thus began the last editorial of 1928.

It was not a promising beginning. The editor buried one cheek in her hand and chewed the poor, stubby pencil distractedly. The dismantled room was hardly a source of inspiration. Clothes to be packed, boxes to be mailed and an overflowing waste paper basket afford little material for editorials. To ransack one's brain furiously for the sum total of five minutes only to find it still laboring with packing problems is a most discouraging experience.

Another look at the room brought a picture of the same room nine months before. We had been unpacking then, preparing for a school year that stretched ahead of us indefinitely—a year that held luring promises of work and play and achievement. Somehow that school year has slipped by. We have held each second of it in our hands. One of us has possessed it just as completely as another. The year which last September hid behind rose clouds of anticipation has since blown across our lives and, day by day, has left us memories. Have all our rose hued clouds been rose lined too? Are all our memories the fulfillment of September dreams? As the Threads of Time slipped through our fingers, have we closed our hands on the best of it? Have we claimed memories of which we can be proud and of which we are happy?

Many of us are leaving Shimer to find we know not what in the years that lie ahead. We have swathed these years in rose lights too; some of us have been bold enough to see the gold glow of success around the rose. Do we realize that these clouds too will lift and that the years they hold will give us only what we can catch as they hurry by? Do we realize that the memories of this past school year will be a part of all the memories Time is to leave us? Looking back are we dissatisfied? Then we must know that we have not caught the best—the best in friendships, the best in work, the best in play. Shimer has much to give. If we have not gained much, if we have not grown in all that gives life, richness, then we have not taken the rose out of the clouds we saw last September. If we have disappointed ourselves in the past school year what of the years to come? Shall we still let the rose slip by unclaimed? Or will we demand of Time only the best? It will leave us what we take as it races by. We can take what we desire of each minute. As we look back at this year we know with certainty what we desire to take of Time. We know which memories make us proud and confident and worthy of choosing from future years. With Shimer days as a background, let us turn toward the clouds ahead unwaveringly.



The Golf and Tennis Tournament

Another school year has passed and the annual golf and tennis tournaments are once again completed. There were many names entered in the tournaments and the scores were all close. It was impossible to foretell who would win and the whole school seemed to be backing every candidate. Excitement soared high. The final scores thoroughly satisfied the entire campus. When alumnae return to visit their Alma Mater, and look on the cups on the mantel in the lounge they will find the name of Reine Baker engraved on the golf cup and that of Virginia Cox on the tennis cup.

The May Fete

The idea of celebrating May day is as old as the Romans, who annually paid tribute to Flora, their goddess of spring, when in the early days of May their youths and maidens, decked in flowers, would dance about the statue of the goddess. Later when the Romans came to England they brought the idea with them. Here all the villagers took part in the choosing and crowning of the prettiest and most popular maiden as their May Queen, and in presenting a varied program of entertainment in her honor.

Frances Shimer School preserves this pleasant custom of observing May day. No event of the school year attracts such a large group of spectators, and the attendance on Monday evening surpassed that of any previous year. The north campus with the background of stately pine trees furnished attractive setting for the pageantry. Fair weather also contributed to the success of the festivities.

To the music of a march played by Maurine Bledsoe, the procession appeared led by Betty Seitner and Susanne Miles, the crown-bearers, attired in quaint costumes of green and gold. Madeleine Johnston looked stately in the long flowing robes of the May Queen, followed by small Buddy Seitner and Teddy Miles who served as her pages. The attendants of the Queen, Betty Lourie, Ruth Mearns, Carol Badger, Katherine Wasson, Constance Hamilton, Emily Reed, Virginia Campbell, and Florence Fick, in costumes of pastel colors, made a particularly charming group. The procession was ushered to the throne, where the Queen was crowned with a wreath of spring flowers. Then in pantomime and dance "The Quest of the Fire Bird" was presented, with the following cast of principal characters:

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Princess—Annette Kirby.

Fire Bird—Virginia Hess.

The Four Princes—

Marion Miller, Betty Kennedy, Ruth Peterson, Grace Hagquist.

The Jesters—

Margaret Munger, Beth Cahn, Mary Elinor Crist.

The Water Sprite—Madelene Mosher.

The story, a Russian folk-tale, opens at a ball which is being given in the royal gardens to celebrate the princess' birthday. Some peasants bring her gifts, various dances are given for her entertainment, and then four princes offer the gift of their hearts. This puts the princess in a quandary! Not wishing to offend any of them, she devises a contest for her hand. The prince who brings her the much-desired feather of the fire-bird will win her.

The princes are next seen in a far country. Gypsies and elves lend enchantment to their adventures. One finds frogs, another swans, and another water sprites, but the last prince finds the fire-bird herself. He plucks some of her feathers, and instantly there is darkness and witches rush forth. A spell has been broken; the fire-bird is really a princess of their enchantment. The prince losing his heart to her, gives the once-prized feathers to another prince.

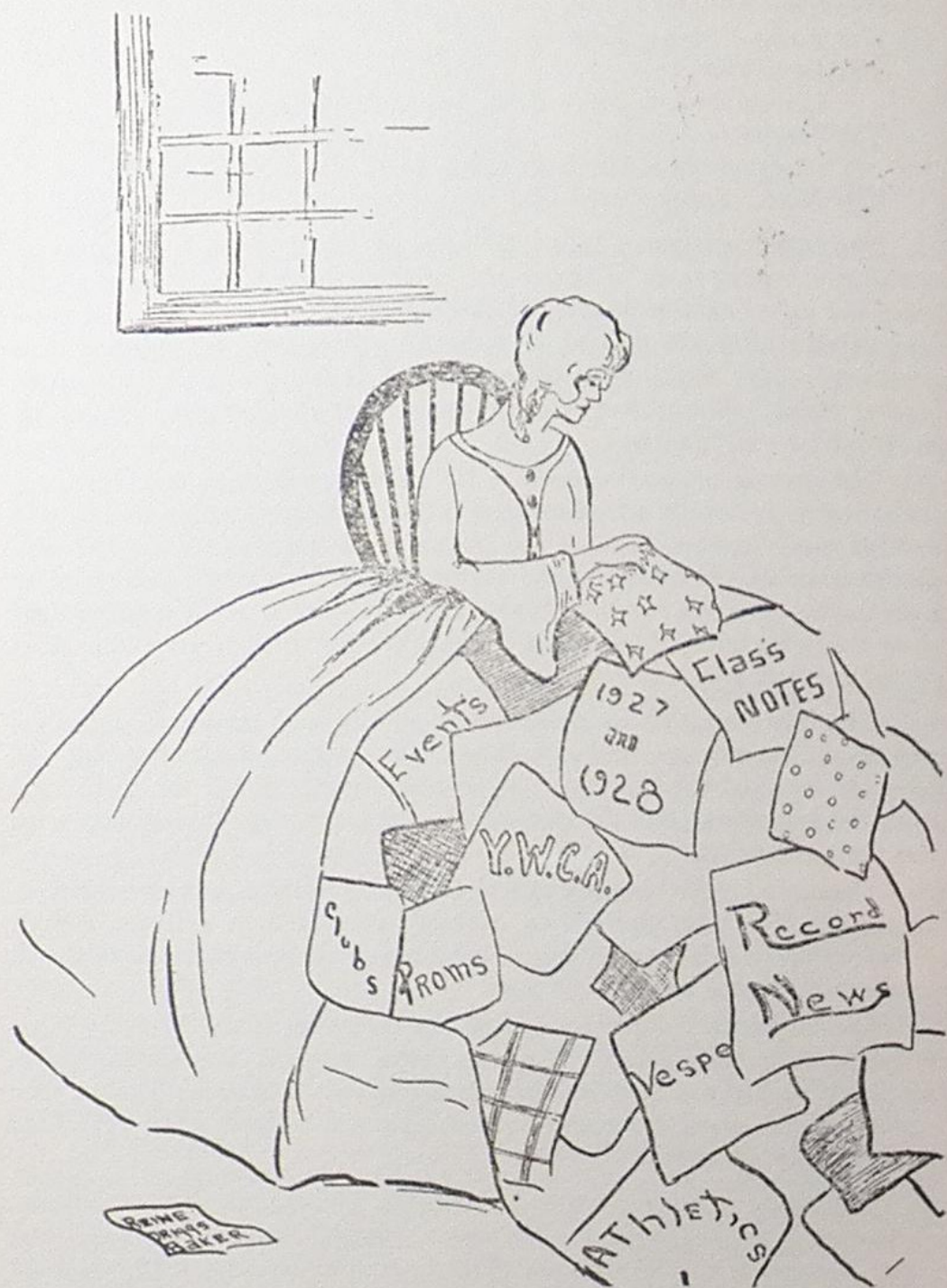
The scene is again in the princess' garden and the princes have returned. The last one to come brings the feathers of the fire-bird and wins the hand of the princess. So all ends happily, for if the truth were told, the last prince was the one who found favor with the princess from the very beginning.

Groups of girls chosen from the Physical Education classes, in costumes colorful and appropriate, cleverly portrayed in rhythmic dances, elves, witches, and gypsies, frogs, swans, and water sprites, with much grace and imagination.

Special praise for the success of the festivities is due to Betty Kennedy, student manager, to Ruth Peterson, Athletic Association representative, to Eleanor Stromer, Art manager, and to Maurine Bledsoe, who furnished the musical setting, for the splendid support they gave Miss Spurgin, the instructor.

Madeleine Johnston made a beautiful Queen, and her attendants, Katherine Wasson, Constance Hamilton, Virginia Campbell, Emily Reed, Betty Lourie, Ruth Mearns, Carol Badger, and Florence Fick, all were lovely—truly worthy of being in a Queen's Court.

Every one of the dances was done exquisitely from that of the graceful swans to that of the funny little green frogs. It was a May Fete hard to present, but it was all done exceedingly well, and every one of the participants deserves high praise. It was a May Fete that Shimer girls will always remember as being one of the most beautiful and loveliest events at Shimer this year.



The Ellsworth Lecture

The week-end of March 11th and 12th was honored by the visit of Mr. William W. Ellsworth, formerly editor of the Century Magazine.

Sunday evening Dr. Ellsworth lectured on "The Making of the Bible" and showed by means of stereoptican views the difficult manner in which the first English Bibles were printed. The Monks in monasteries

ACADEMY SENIOR CLASS



JEANE ELIZABETH MEDSKER
'25 '26 '27 '28

A tall girl is always looked up to.

Chorus '25 '26 '27 '28
Senior Prom Committee '28



JEAN SHIRLEY STINE '28

Her ways were unassuming and quiet,

If she were vain, no one could espy it.

Latin Club '28
Hockey Team '28
Basket Ball Team '28



HELEN CAMPBELL '27 '28

*Nothing in this world is certain
—not even our credits.*

Mathematics Club '27
Class Prophecy '28
Senior Prom Committee '28



VIRGINIA VAN HESS '27 '28

*Come and trip it as you go, on
the light fantastic toe.*

Manager Senior Basket Ball '28
Varsity Basket Ball '27 '28
Hockey Team '27
May Fete '27 '28
Alumnae Pageant '28



IONE ANDERSON '28

*Sweet is every sound—Sweeter
her voice.*

May Fete '28
Chorus '28



MARGARET EDNA ESTEL '28
*I'm so quiet and easy going,
 You'd hardly guess what I might
 be doing.*

Chorus '28
 Hostess Club '28
 Senior Prom Committee '28
 Golf Tournament '28
 Tennis Tournament '28



HELEN REBER '27 '28
*It is as good to be out of the
 world as to be out of style.*
 Secretary of Class '27 Vice President
 '28
 Dramatic Club Secretary '27 '28



VIRGINIA CONSTANCE ELLIS
 "Ginny" '28
*She would carry a compact
 through an earthquake.*
 Hostess Club '28
 Hockey Team '28
 Basketball Team '28
 Senior Prom Committee '28
 Class Prophecy '28



EDITH FRIEND '27 '28
*I hurry at my own convenient
 speed.*
 Latin Club '27 '28



EMILY REED '26 '27 '28
Lo, the oracle has spoken
 Hockey Team '26 '27 '28
 Class Basketball '28 Captain '26 '27
 Varsity Basketball '26 '27 Captain '28
 Soccer Team '27
 May Fete '26 '27 May Queen At-
 tendant '28
 Latin Club '27 Poetry Club '28
 Treasurer Y. W. C. A. '27
 Vice President Class '26 '27 Secre-
 tary '28 Treasurer A. A. '28
 Class Day Committee '28
 Chorus '27 '28
 High Honors and Laurel Links in
 Athletics



MADELAINE MENDELSON

"Felix" '27 '28

*Greater men have lived than I,
but I doubt it.*

Hockey Team '27 '28

Captain Class Basketball '28

Varsity Basketball '28

Manager Volley Ball '27

Captain Soccer Team '27

Tennis Tournament '27

Head of Tennis '28

Golf Tournament '28

Dramatic Club '28

Treasurer Class '27

Treasurer Class '28

Class Day Committee '28

Chorus '27

High Honors in Athletics

COLLEGE SOPHOMORE CLASS



MADELEINE JOHNSTON '28
"John"

*Beautiful in form and feature
Lovely as the day.*

Glee Club '28

May Queen '28

Pageant '28



CLARICE VANNESS '28

Sweet and lovely are her ways.

Y. W. C. A. '28

Glee Club '28



DORSEL MAXINE JAEKE '27 '28

Whose bright eyes rain influence.

"The Rock" '27 '28

"Pigs" '28

Student Piano Recital '27 '28

May Fete '28



FRANCES ALFRED A SHANER
'27 '28

Her airs are so modest, her aspect so meek; so simple yet sweet are her charms.

May Fete '27

Prom Special '28

"Twig O'Thorn" '28



HAZEL VALENTINE VOLTMER
'27 '28 "Jinky"

She was more than over shoes in love.

"The Rock" '27

Dramatic Club '28

Social Secretary Y. W. C. A. '28

"Pigs" '28

Literary Editor RECORD '28



VERNETTE WHITE '27 '28
She will discourse most eloquent music.

Glee Club '27 '28
French Club '27 '28 President '28
Student Piano Recital '27 '28
Graduate Recital '28



RUTH ELIZABETH SIMMONS
'27 '28

*Eyes so transparent
That through them one sees the soul.*

Y. W. C. A. '27 May Fete '27 '28
'28 Pageant '28
"The Rock" '27 Graduate Ex-
'28 pression Recital
"Twig O' Thorn" '28
'28 Dramatic Club
"Ashes of Roses" '27 '28
'27 Ed. RECORD '28
Sophomore Class Secretary '28



MARY ELINOR CRIST '27 '28

There's mischief in this girl

Glee Club '27 '28
May Fete '28
Pageant '28



KATHERINE JANE BEARDSLEY
'27 '28

As merry as the day is long.

Poetry '27 '28
Athletic Association '27
Y. W. C. A. Treasurer '27 '28
Sophomore Basketball Team '28
Chorus '27



ALICE ELIZABETH PALMER
'27 '28

Spanish is her main delight.

French Club '27
Hostess Club '28



GENEVIEVE FERRIS '27 '28 "Gen"

She was ever firm or mild as the occasion required.

Y. W. C. A. '27 '28 President '28
Sophomore Vice President '28
Captain Basketball Team '27 '28
Varsity Basketball Captain '27 '28
Volley Ball '28



ELLEN BERNICE EDWARDS
'27 '28 "Bill"

One cannot be fully happy until after the sixtieth year.

President Student Council '28
Glee Club '27 '28
Christmas Pageant '27 '28



BERNETA ADAMS '27 '28
Eyes bright—and as black and burning as a coal



MARION LOUISE KRANZ '27 '28

Cheerfulness is an offshoot of goodness and of wisdom.

Y. W. C. A. '27 '28
Athletic Association '27
Chorus '27 '28



RUTH JEAN MEARNS '27 '28

Beauty is a Precious thing.

Dramatic Club '27 '28
May Queen Attendant '28
Pageant '28
"The Florist Shop" '27
Tennis Tournament '28
Y. W. C. A. '27 '28



VIRGINIA JEAN CAMPBELL

'26 '27 '28 "Gege"

*You turned from the fairest to
gaze on her face.*

Glee Club '26 '27 '28

Editor RECORD '27

President Sophomore Class '28

May Queen Attendant '28

Y. W. C. A. '27 '28



DOROTHY BESSIE JOHNSON

'27 '28

*Not stepping o'er the bounds of
modesty.*



LIBBY BELLE SHEEHAN '24 '28

A tender heart; a will inflexible.

Y. W. C. A. '24.

Tennis Tournament '24

Athletic Tournament '24

Glee Club '24



MADALENE LOIS MOSHER

'27 '28 "Mo Mo"

*The conscious utterance of
thought by speech or action to
any end, is art.*

Hockey Team '27 '28 Captain '28

Varsity Basketball '27 '28

May Fete '27 '28

"The Rock" '27 '28 "The Twig

O'Thorn" '28 "Pigs" '28

Expression Recital '28

Class Poem '28



MURIEL YENERICK '27 '28

*Not much talk—a great, sweet
silence.*

Secretary Student Council '27

Secretary of Poetry Club '28

Y. W. C. A. '27 '28

Athletic Association '27



MILDRED MARIE YAGER '27 '28
My specialty is "specials".
 Hostess Club '27
 Sewing Club '28



ALICE FOX '27 '28 "Al"
*Her voice was ever soft,
 Gentle, and low; an excellent
 thing in woman.*
 Hockey Team '28
 Sophomore Basket Ball Team '28
 Varsity Basket Ball Team '28



JEAN BOWLES '27 '28
*Her long loose yellow locks lyke
 golden wrye
 Doe lyke a golden mantle her
 attyre.*
 Chorus '27
 League of Women Voters '27 '28
 Y. W. C. A. '27 '28



GWENDOLYN PEARLE BISSELL
 '27 '28
*The flash of her keen black eyes
 Forerunning the thunder.*
 Graduation Recital in Expression '28
 May Fete '27 '28
 Pageant '28
 "The Rock" '27 '28
 "Smilin' Through" '27
 "Maker of Dreams" '27
 Orchestra '27 '28



LOUISA SOISSON '26 '27 '28
*Her face is like the milky way in
 the sky
 A meeting place of gentle lights
 without a name.*
 Student Manager May Fete '26
 President of Fiction Club '27
 Costume Manager of "The Rock" '28
 President Student Council Club '27



KATHRYN TERRY '27 '28 "Kay"

*On the way home from Dearborn
I am always whistling to keep
myself from being afraid.*

Glee Club '28

Student Piano Recitals '27 '28

Secretary Student Council '28

Christmas Pageant '28



MARIAN ROSE TALLMAN '27 '28

A maiden ever bold of spirit.

Poetry Club '27

Sewing Club '28



JANET TIPPERY '27 '28 "Tip"

*Be gone dull care! Thou and I
shall never agree.*

Dramatic Club '28

"Will O' The Wisp" '28

Pageant '28



VIRGINIA COX '27 '28 "Ginny"

*What shall I do to be for ever
known*

*And make the age to come my
own?*

Tennis Tournament '27 '28

Basket Ball Team '28

Y. W. C. A. '27 '28



RUTH PETERSON '28 "Pete"

'Tis good in every case, you know

To have two strings unto a bow.

May Fete '28

Hockey '28

"The Rock" '28

Dramatic Club '28

"Twig O' Thorn" '28

Pageant '28

Class Will '28



MILDRED MARIE YAGER '27 '28
My specialty is "specials".
 Hostess Club '27
 Sewing Club '28



ALICE FOX '27 '28 "Al"
*Her voice was ever soft,
 Gentle, and low; an excellent
 thing in woman.*
 Hockey Team '28
 Sophomore Basket Ball Team '28
 Varsity Basket Ball Team '28



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*Her long loose yellow locks lyke
 golden wrye
 Doe lyke a golden mantle her
 attyre.*
 Chorus '27
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 Student Manager May Fete '26
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KATHRYN TERRY '27 '28 "Kay"
*On the way home from Dearborn
 I am always whistling to keep
 myself from being afraid.*

Glee Club '28

Student Piano Recitals '27 '28

Secretary Student Council '28

Christmas Pageant '28



MARIAN ROSE TALLMAN '27 '28
A maiden ever bold of spirit.

Poetry Club '27

Sewing Club '28



JANET TIPPERY '27 '28 "Tip"
*Be gone dull care! Thou and I
 shall never agree.*

Dramatic Club '28

"Will O' The Wisp" '28

Pageant '28



VIRGINIA COX '27 '28 "Ginny"
*What shall I do to be for ever
 known
 And make the age to come my
 own?*

Tennis Tournament '27 '28

Basket Ball Team '28

Y. W. C. A. '27 '28



RUTH PETERSON '28 "Pete"
*'Tis good in every case, you know
 To have two strings unto a bow.*

May Fete '28

Hockey '28

"The Rock" '28

Dramatic Club '28

"Twig O' Thorn" '28

Pageant '28

Class Will '28



KATHERINE ELLEN MATTES

'27 '28

A mind of unlimited possibilities.

Poetry Club '27

Music Club '28



KATHERINE WASSON '27 '28

"Kate"

She is pretty to walk with

Witty to talk with, and lovely,
too, to think on.

RECORD Staff '27 '28

May Queen Attendant '28

"Smilin' Through" '27

"The Rock" '27



JANET GRAHAM '27 '28

Cal'm as a cradled child in dream-
less slumber bound.

Travel Club '27

Tennis Tournament '27

Golf Tournament '28



ELIZABETH LOURIE '27 '28

"Betty"

If to her share some female errors
fall

Look on her face and you'll for-
get them all.

May Queen Attendant '27 '28

Dramatic Club '28

Pageant '28

RECORD Staff '28



RUTH HAVENS '27 '28

Gentle in her manner she

Does bold things in a quiet way.

Poetry Club '28

Y. W. C. A. '27 '28



CONSTANCE HAMILTON '27 '28
"Connie"

*Her smile was like a rainbow
flashing from a misty sky.*

College Cheer Leader '27
May Fete '27 Attendant '28
Hockey Team '28
Glee Club '28



DENA BADONNA SHLAES

'26 '27 '28 "Dink"

*Studios and mischievous by
turns.*

Poetry Club '28
Tennis Tournament '26 '28
Student Piano Recital '27 '28



JUNE ADELE OVERMEYER '27 '28

*Happy and bright from morn
till night.*

May Queen Attendant '27
Glee Club '28
"The Rock" '28



MARGUERITE MAE SHOEMAKER

'27 '28

*She lives at peace with all the
world.*



JEANETTE ELIZABETH LLOYD

'27 '28 "Jane"

Mindful not of herself.

Varsity Basket Ball Team '27 '28
"Ashes of Roses" '27
Easter Play '27 '28
"Pigs" '27



REINE DRIGGS BAKER

'26 '27 '28 "Driggs"

*See, how she leans her cheek up-
on her hand.*

Class President '27

President Y. W. C. A. '27

Art Editor of RECORD '27 '28

Art Manager of May Fete '26 '27

Golf Tournament '26 '27 '28

Class Will '28

KATHERINE BABETTE LEMON

'27 '28 "Bab"

*Nothing great was ever achieved
without enthusiasm.*

Treasurer Class '28

Dramatic Club '28

"Pigs" '28

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet '27 '28

Tennis Tournament '28

toiled over the Hebrew and Latin texts for years. They not only spent decades on the translations but they decorated many pages of their works with elaborate artistic designs and illustrations of the incidents occurring in the Bible. He also told of the origin of the King James version and the reasons for its popularity.

On Monday, during House Meeting, Dr. Ellsworth read selections of the better Modern Poets. Poems of O'Neill and the great Negro poet Cullen were among his selections. He also read from "Slow Smoke", a collection of poems by Lew Sarrett who visited Frances Shimer early last fall, and every student enjoyed thoroughly hearing "The Sheepherder" read once again.

Monday evening Dr. Ellsworth lectured on the importance of the Queen Anne period or the Augustan Age of English literature. He gave the criticisms on the lives and works of Pope, Swift, and Defoe, and explained the development of the English newspapers. The introduction of party government made the newspapers necessary and Addison's and Steele's pamphlets were the most important of the period.

As a lecturer Dr. Ellsworth has great charm, for he presents the facts and data in a very fascinating manner, and we hope that we shall be honored with another visit from him.

Spring Recital

The following program was the offering of the Department of Music at the spring recital given in Metcalf Hall on Saturday evening, March 17.

Witches	- - - - -	Rogers
	Mary Coleman	
(a) Lullaby	- - - - -	Block
(b) Mosquito Dance	- - - - -	L. Mendelssohn
	Marjorie Puterbaugh	
Minuet Antique	- - - - -	Seeboeck
The King's Hunting Jig	- - - - -	John Bull
	Mary Catherine Zuck	
To Spring	- - - - -	Grieg
	Lois Colby	
Arabesque	- - - - -	Chaminade
	Olive Hawbecker	
(a) Winds in the Trees	- - - - -	A. Goring Thomas
(b) The Nightingales of Lincoln's Inn	- - - - -	Herbert Oliver
(c) Bird Raptures	- - - - -	Edwin Schneider
	Ione Anderson	
Sposalizio	- - - - -	Liszt
	Katherine Terry	
Preludes	- - Op. 28, No. 1 } Op. 28, No. 21 }	Chopin
	Muriel Yenerick	
Prelude Op. 45	- - - - -	Chopin
	Margaret Munger	

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Concerto in E Minor	- - - - -	Nardini
Allegro Moderato		<i>Cherrie Jaeke</i>
Impromptu in E Flat Minor	- - - - -	Rheinberger
		<i>Dena Sblaes</i>
Rhapsody in C	- - - - -	Dohnanyi
		<i>Beth Fuller</i>
Ballade in A Flat	- - - - -	Chopin
		<i>Arthur Isenbart</i>

The attendance taxed the capacity of the hall. Guests were present from Lanark, Chadwick, and Savanna, as well as many from Mt. Carroll. The program was varied enough to hold the interest of the audience to the last, and each number was so well presented that it was an altogether pleasing and satisfying experience.

The work of the evening reflected much credit upon both the instructors in the department and the students who appeared on the program.

The Spring Prom

The Spring Prom of the College Sophomores always anticipated as one of the events of the year, was given on the sixteenth of April. The grand march was led by Miss Pollard, the Sophomore class sponsor, and Virginia Campbell, the president.

This year the Sophomores decided to act contrary to precedent and, slighting decorations, have an extra good orchestra. And so the ballroom instead of breathing forth some exotic atmosphere breathed forth the exhilarating strains made by an imported orchestra. I think everyone approved heartily of the plan before the evening was over.

Madeline Johnston made a lovely dream girl in the "Special". She sat and sang in a silver crescent moon with her graceful white costume spilling over the brim, while her dream girl chorus, in old-fashioned costumes of pastel shades swayed and sang in the artificial moonlight. As a snappy encore the girls marched in with striped convict caps on their heads and sang "Four Walls", which was rather incongruous with the preceding dreamy effect. Constance Hamilton, as chairman of this committee, is to be congratulated. Ruth Peterson as prom chairman managed the whole affair most efficiently.

On this momentous occasion we were allowed to dance until 10:30, and everyone enjoyed the "treat". Punch and wafers were served during the evening.

Concert by Myrna Sharlow

Myrna Sharlow and Hubert Carlin are not unfamiliar names to Mt. Carroll audiences, this being Miss Sharlow's third appearance here in recital. Hubert Carlin is remembered for his very acceptable accompanying of artists on previous occasions.

The program Tuesday evening, April 24, brought an attractive list

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

of songs and arias to a Metcalf Hall audience, Miss Sharlow giving a recital which disclosed many features of the vocal art upon which she has established her claim to distinction. A big voice, an extensive range, abundant temperment, and refinement of style, are some of her assets. A noticeable growth in power and vibrant quality seem to have been gained, however, at the expense of some of the rich smoothness so apparent on her first appearance here several years ago. There was some tension in the dramatic phrases, a slight stridency, an "edge", indicating a striving for force. But this was offset by some really lovely tones in the quieter moods.

Her program was extensive and served to indicate the comprehensive nature of her repertoire. There were some old favorites and several newer numbers of decided charm, ranging all the way from early Italian to contemporary composers, taking in on the way an aria from "Mefistofele" (to which she added "One Sweet Day" from "Madame Butterfly" for good measure), some German Lieder, a modern group, winding up with a most interesting group of folk songs.

Hubert Carlin played the accompaniments with his customary good taste and musicianship and appeared also in a group of piano solos.

Chorus and Glee Club Concert

Sunday afternoon, April 29, the Chorus and Glee Club gave a joint recital. The program was as follows:

Mistress Margarita	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Penn
I Have a Secret	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Cadman
A Child's Night Song	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Bassett
Like Fairy Dancers	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Simonetti

Chorus

Go Pretty Rose	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Speaks
None But the Lonely Heart	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Tchaikovsky
My Arcady	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Risher

Glee Club

Adoration	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Borowski
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Orchestra

The Gypsy Girl	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Moffat
A Dreaming Rose	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Harris
Will O' the Wisp	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Spross

Chorus

I'd Be a Butterfly	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Bayley-Ryder
Trees	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	David
Invictus	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Huhn

Glee Club

Under the Leaves	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Thome
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Orchestra

Far Over the Hills	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Tchaikovsky-Bornschein
The Haulers of the Volga (Folk Song)	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	arr. by Moffat
Dance of the Reed Flutes	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Tchaikovsky-Bornschein

Chorus

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Let All My Life Be Music	-	-	-	-	-	Spross
Elegy	-	-	-	-	-	Massenet
Capri	-	-	-	-	-	Bassett
(Obligato Solo by Madeleine Johnston)						
The Close of Another Day	-	-	-	-	-	O'Hara
Glee Club						

Underclassmen Pirate Prom

The Academy underclassmen (Freshmen and Sophomores) gave their prom May 5. Miss Baxter and Miss Burnton, counselors for the classes led the grand march with the two class presidents.

Dashing, formidable pirates, and pirate ships decorated the walls of the Ball Room.

Grace Hagquist gave a unique solo dance in the special, displaying her unusual dexterity at that art, doing the most difficult stunts with the greatest ease and grace. She was awarded most enthusiastic applause. Nela Gifford also took part, clogging with the greatest skill. The pirate chorus contributed to the general effect by singing several sea-faring songs and ditties.

Refreshments were served and the town orchestra furnished good music. Everyone agreed that the underclassmen had proved their capability and we shall look forward to their next year's prom.

The Pilgrimage

Upon the eve of the Seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of Frances Shimer, the entire student body made the third annual pilgrimage to Mrs. Shimer's grave.

As custom has established, the girls gathered in table-groups immediately after dinner and the teacher at the head of the table led her group to the cemetery. After we had all gathered about the grave, President McKee made a short address in which he explained the significance of the pilgrimage and recalled to our minds the stable and courageous character of Mrs. Shimer. At the close of the President's address Miss Wallace led in singing "Frances Shimer Alma Mater", after which each group took their respective routes home.

Founder's Day

Friday, May eleventh, Frances Shimer students and faculty once again celebrated the founding of the school. Classes were run only through the first four periods. After the last class each girl betook herself to her assigned hay-rack and before many minutes had passed all the racks were filled and the occupants were impatient to be going.

Soon the first rack was drawn off campus and as each one followed in turn a peculiar procession formed to pass through the outskirts of town and on to Smith's Park.

Upon arriving at the park no time was lost before different groups explored the cave, sought out the refreshment stand, or furnished their

own music for dancing on the pavilion. The faculty contributed to the merry-making spirit of the day for some played croquet, others hiked, and still others immediately set to preparing lunch.

The Shimer children had quickly scattered, but when the call for lunch was sounded no one delayed falling into line. As each girl filed along the long table she was given a plate, a cup, and silverware preparatory to receiving a generous serving of the favorite dish, potato salad, besides sandwiches, pickles, cake, and coffee.

After lunch the afternoon was spent in many ways, and it was not without regret that all the Shimerites trudged up the hill to the hay-racks to return to school in time to dress for dinner.

Vernette White Graduate Recital in Piano

Mount Carroll and Frances Shimer School are glad to claim Vernetta White, but for the fine work done in her graduate piano recital on Saturday evening, March 26, credit is due Vernetta and her instructor, Miss Schuster.

The program was sufficiently varied to hold interest and display musical wares. Two seventeenth-century numbers were grouped with the conventional Beethoven Sonata Opus 31, No. 3. A Chopin waltz, an impressionistic Debussy composition, and an effective "Elfenspiel" were followed by the programmatic Weber "Concertstueck".

A delicacy of tone and a taste in phrasing that characterized the whole program were at their best in Couperin's "La tendre Nanette" and a Scarlatti "Pastorale". However, the delicacy combined with Debussy's wandering harmonies made his "Nocturne" delightfully suggestive of its title, and Heymann's elves were so graceful that they must have been feminine. Another virtue: fluent fingerwork unblurred by pedal—commanded special attention in the "Valse" Opus 34 No. 1, and reached a climax in the brilliant "Concertstueck". The sonata combined virtues which made it the most pliable number of all. It is good to hear so young a girl play Beethoven with evident enjoyment.

Those who have watched the musical development of this student had their interest whetted and their expectations raised by her playing of this program.

Graduate Expression Recital

Saturday night, June second, we were favored with a very fine graduate recital presented by the Department of Speech. Five girls took part in this recital, each girl giving one selection. Ruth Simmons, who was first on the program, read "The Doll in the Pink Silk Dress". Through her excellent interpretation and impersonation, Ruth painted for us a very distinct picture of life on the stage.

From this scene Jane Lloyd carried us into an old fashioned garden, and gave us the delightful poem, "Patterns", by Amy Lowell.

Dorsel Jacke read "The Happy Prince". This was an interesting reading due to the skill with which it was interpreted, and to the musical accompaniment.

Quite different from these readings was "Sun Up", given by Gwendolen Bissell. This was a difficult selection, and Gwendolen gave it exceptionally well.

Madalene Mosher concluded the program with "A Kiss For Cinderella". It was given in Barrie's own delightful airy manner.

It was agreed by everyone that this recital was a success, due in part to the efficient teaching of Miss Burtis.

Dinner for the Graduates

Consternation prevailed among the college sophomores and academy seniors when the weatherman decided that there should be rain on June fifth, for that was the night President and Mrs. McKee were entertaining the graduating classes at a lawn supper. However, the inclement weather could not daunt the perfect host and hostess, and so the supper was served in Metcalf Hall, which was converted into a most attractive dining room by means of pink and white peonies, and table decorations in the pastel shades. The affair was a true success, from the spicy cocktail to the informal talk by Mr. McKee. To the girls, most of whom are soon to leave their Alma Mater forever, the dinner will always remain one of the most golden events in our treasury of Shimer memories.

The Junior-Senior Banquet

The Junior-Senior Banquet which was held at the Glen View Hotel on Saturday, June 9, was as lovely and merry as an affair can be. It is of course given by the Juniors in honor of the Seniors. Miss Morrison was the guest of honor. The main theme of the toasts and decorations was the idea of the Round Table with King Arthur, his knights, and the whole court that Tennyson has so well introduced to us all. Annette Kirby, the Junior president, was charming as toast-mistress, and those who gave the toasts amply entertained us. The food was delicious, and the decorations clever. With all these things it is easy to see that the banquet pleased every one.

Fresh-Soph Dance

The College Freshman Class bade farewell to the College Sophomore Class at an informal dance given Saturday evening, June ninth, in College Hall. An out-of-town orchestra furnished music for dancing. Refreshments of sherbet and wafers were served. Although we regretted that it was to be our last gathering, the Sophomores had a fine time and wish to thank the Freshman Class for an enjoyable evening.

Commencement Sing

We gathered on the steps of the Library to sing for the last time our class and school songs on our last Sunday evening of the year at Frances Shimer. The College Sophomores carried gay lanterns and formed a block "S" in the middle of the steps, making an attractive picture.

International Exhibit

Frances Shimer was fortunate this year in securing for exhibition

during commencement week the collection of pictures comprising the Eighth International Water Color Exhibit which served to inaugurate the opening of the future art gallery on the second floor of Campbell Library. The collection assembled by Mr. Robert Harshe, Director of the Chicago Art Institute, was exhibited there for several weeks before coming to Frances Shimer and was shipped from here to the Milwaukee Art Institute. It was an unusual collection to find its way to so small a place. It afforded to many of the students and perhaps some of the visitors, their first opportunity of becoming acquainted with original works of art. It is hoped to provide subsequent exhibits in varying mediums.

The collection was representative. While it was largely the work of Americans, British artists were represented by many canvasses. The showing included also, examples of Russian, French, and German art.

The canvasses included portraits—one of the outstanding being that of a Russian peasant woman—landscapes, still life studies and marine scenes. The titles of some of the favorites became familiar on the campus. Perhaps not all the pictures were of equal interest but some interested all. Large numbers from the school, from the community and from the commencement guests availed themselves of the opportunity to see this notable group of pictures.

Commencement Recital

The final recital of the Department of Music was presented on Monday evening, June 12, and gave evidence of a fine accomplishment in piano, voice and violin. Each of the following numbers was presented in a manner that reflected credit to the performers and their instructors.

Preludes Op. 28	Chopin
Nos. 7, 21, 10	
Mary Catherine Zuck	
Mazurka Op. 26	Zarzycki
Cherrie Jaeke	
Feu Follets	Philipp
Margaret Munger	
Etincelles	Moszkowski
Dena Shlaes	
The Little Shepherd's Song	Edwards
Sylvelin	Sinding
Sing, Smile, Slumber	Gounod
(Violin obligato played by Miss Burnton)	
Ione Anderson	
Conzertstueck	Weber
Vernette White	
Orchestral parts on second piano	
Concerto in B Flat Minor	Tschaikowsky
First Movement	
Arthur Isenbart	
Orchestral parts on second piano	

Special mention should perhaps be made of Weber's *Conzertstueck*, played by Vernet White and the technically and musically difficult Tschaiikowsky Concerto played by Arthur Isenhardt. Both performances showed thorough and finished technique, and fine musical understanding. Miss Schuster played the orchestral parts on the second piano for these numbers. Her success as a teacher was amply demonstrated by the achievement of these pupils.

Class Day

The contents of the program presented at the Class Day exercises on Tuesday morning, June 12, included—

Class Will	Emily Reed
Class Prophecy	Virginia Ellis
Class Poem	Madelaine Mendelsohn
for the Academy seniors and	
Class Will	Ruth Peterson
Class Prophecy	Katherine Mattes
Class Poem	Madelene Mosher
Class Song	

for the Junior College class.

Departing a bit from preceding years was the playlet produced by the graduates of the Academy. Here the audience was projected eighty years into the future, on a nice warm day in the lower regions where many of the class were seen bound in chains at hard labor for violation of social rules at Frances Shimer! Perpetual pumping of auto tires by hand was the professed price of an auto ride without a chaperon!

Pageant, "Frances Shimer's Gift to Education"

Although Frances Shimer School's Commencement program this year followed the traditional order, the event of Tuesday, June twelfth, at least will make this, the seventy-fifth year, memorable. The pageant, "Frances Shimer's Gift to Education", commemorating the founding and history of the institution, will stand out distinctive and beautiful in the memory of all who witnessed it. And the number was large. Perhaps no event has ever attracted such a large and interested group of spectators, representing places as widely separated as the states of Washington, California, Pennsylvania, Nebraska, Kentucky, Michigan, and Minnesota. Alumnae, including members of the classes of '71, '77, '78, '80, and the years between, were present.

The success of the undertaking is due in large measure to Mrs. Harriet Nase Connell of the Class of 1889, who not only wrote the pageant, but also devoted herself enthusiastically to the organization of the cast, to the costuming and the presentation of the scenes. Approximately one hundred and fifty people took part. The cast included alumnae and members of their families, members of the Board of Trustees, faculty, and pupils of the School—in addition to many interested local friends. That the ceremonies were effective—may be attributed in part to the fine

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

spirit of co-operation and purpose that existed in the group. The acting was good throughout, the spirit and atmosphere being perfectly sustained. The pageant was presented on the natural stage provided by the lawns on the south quadrangle between the rows of stately, deep-rooted pines and larch trees planted by the founder herself. And if the rustle and murmur of the winds in the pines interfered at times with the spoken words, the trees nevertheless furnished a beautiful setting for the scenes depicted. For those who did not see it the effect must be imagined, for situations depending as they do upon setting, atmosphere, color, and the spirit and thoughtfulness of the interpreters cannot be adequately reproduced by either camera or pen. Structurally the pageant comprised five realistic episodes, with various scenes typical of events in the history and progress of the School, and several symbolic scenes expressed in dance. Stirring prologues, sounding the keynote of each episode, were effectively read by Mr. S. J. Campbell, dressed in the picturesque costume of a by-gone day. It opened with the approach of Wisdom, impersonated by Mrs. Jane Miles in a Greek robe of white and gold, led by four heralds in colorful costumes, who ushered her to the central place in the white-covered raised platform. From the opposite direction the heralds next ushered Miss Beth Hostetter in cap and gown, representing the Spirit of Education, who with Wisdom became the central figure in the succeeding scenes. True to the facts of the early history of the School the scene next disclosed a group of representative business and professional men of the community dressed in the style and taking the parts of citizens of 1852 holding a meeting to devise ways and means to establish a school in Mt. Carroll. It is significant that two of the group, Mr. J. M. Rinewalt and Mr. Nathaniel Halderman, were sons of the men who were members of the original committee.

Then followed in historical order scenes representing the arrival of Miss Wood and Miss Gregory, parts faithfully played by Mrs. Grace Squires and Miss Effie Shaw, their approach heralded by the rattle of the spring wagon in which they had driven from Janesville, Wisconsin, the nearest railroad point; the opening of the new school on May 11, 1853, with eleven pupils; the coming of Henry Shimer, vividly impersonated by Mr. Valentin Boerner; the first Commencement exercises in 1862 when four young women were graduated; the call of the Civil War and the enlistment and departure of the boys of the school carrying the flag made by the girls; the withdrawal of Miss Gregory from the work of the School and the appointment of Miss Joy, represented by Mrs. Ileen Campbell, as the successor and future co-worker with Mrs. Shimer; the coming of Prof. and Mrs. Hazzen, portrayed by Mr. John Connell and Miss Wallace; and other teachers of the early days whose work contributed to the success and progress of the School. Miss Gregory and her famous mental arithmetic class lived again as Miss Effie Shaw with the class before her re-enacted the thorough drill given in that branch. Humor mingled with more serious thoughts when the picturesque group of ser-

enadors recalled the trysts of an earlier day in the historic old grape arbor.

The final episode of the early history of the School represented Mrs. Shimer, full of years, her work done, giving her institution into the keeping of a new Board of Trustees, representing the University of Chicago, the Alumnae and the community. In this group there were present two members of the original board, Mr. J. M. Rinewalt and Mrs. Elizabeth Hostetter. Dr. J. Spencer Dickerson in academic dress, the President of the present board of Trustees, represented the University group.

At trumpet call the heralds again advanced, this time to usher the new head of the institution, Dean W. P. McKee, who is met and greeted by Wisdom and the Spirit of Education. Girls from the four winds, who represented the present Academic senior class, suggested the growth of the School in numbers. The Spirit of Higher Education, symbolized by Mrs. Jessie Hall Miles in cap and gown comes bringing with her college girls, represented by the College Sophomore class. Next came the destruction of the buildings by the fire fiend, portrayed by Gwendolyn Bissell, and a group of dancers in brilliant colors suggesting vivid tongues of flame. Fire sank into ashes and ruins, and was followed by despair among the spirits of Art, Music, Literature. But groups of friendly hands brought help and hope and cheer, and lifted up and sustained the drooping spirits. The group of little builders hammered busily in pantomime and sang lustily as they worked. New and better buildings soon arose. Next progress and prosperity came bringing with them horns of plenty. Silver Anniversary, represented by Mrs. Mae Hammond Wolf, presented Mr. McKee a silver cup on the completion of twenty-five years of service. The final scene disclosed the entire cast gathered to celebrate the seventy-fifth anniversary. In the lovely dance, Aspiration for the Future, could be interpreted the splendid things those who have the interests of Frances Shimer in their keeping are hoping for her in future years. The groups of dancers, under the direction of Miss Spurgin, clad in costumes of hues appropriate to the spirit of dance, lent color and symbolism to the pageantry.

Each scene also had music that was expressive and symbolic of its spirit. The musical selections were chosen and arranged by Miss Edna J. Smith of the class of '98.

No brief account can give credit to the fine work done by every member of the cast. The experiment demonstrated that Mt. Carroll has the talent to produce and to present a pageant in a thoroughly artistic manner. All who witnessed the re-enacting of the history of the School depicted by "Frances Shimer's Gift to Education" should have had their faith and admiration for the founder deepened and their determination stirred to carry on and perpetuate her work.

The Lawn Supper

Following the pageant those who participated in it disbanded to take supper informally on the lawn with the members of the School, their guests, and the members of the Alumnae Association and their families.

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Approximately 360 were present.

"Blessings vanish as they take their flight," and certainly the old campus never looked more lovely. Bright-colored dresses against the still tender green of the trees, the dear old buildings, the blue sky, and the hills beyond made a picture to be called up with pleasure in the years to come.

Commencement Service

Commencement opened formally with the commencement service, on Sunday afternoon, June 10. The procession, always imposing and dignified, formed in the quadrangle in front of Hathaway Hall, with Kathryn Steinaker, '27, as head marshal, followed by the under graduates in white, the graduates in gray and black gowns, the faculty in academic gowns, the members of the board of Trustees, the president and the speaker. The usual procession, "Lead on O King Eternal", was used.

The prayer for the service was offered by Rev. R. H. Seitner, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Mt. Carroll, after which Miss Wallace sang Massenet's "In Thee We Trust", with violin obligato played by Miss Burnton.

The impressive sermon for the graduates was delivered by Dr. Gerald Birney Smith of the Divinity School of the University of Chicago. He had for his theme "The Forward Look".

On Sunday evening at the last vesper service of the year, President McKee was the speaker.

Sawyer "Open House"

On Monday evening, June 11, Sawyer House was open to the graduating classes, their guests, and visiting alumnae, and friends of the School, from nine to eleven o'clock.

Receiving with President and Mrs. McKee, was Mrs. Winona Branch Sawyer of Lincoln, Nebraska, a member of the class of 1871. Many availed themselves of the opportunity to meet Mrs. Sawyer, one of the best known, and best loved of the older alumnae. The occasion marked, not only her first visit to the School since 1911, but also to Sawyer House, her generous gift to her Alma Mater.

Exhibition of the Art and Home Economics Department

The Art Exhibit was held in the Studio, West Hall, on June 10, from three to five o'clock. Visitors found many surprises in the work accomplished by the students. The exhibit consisted of various oils, pastels, water color, pen and ink, and pencil drawings, also some lovely gesso work in the form of jewelled boxes and plaques.

Equally interesting was the exhibition of the Home Economics Department. Proof of the value of work in Design and Hand Craft was in evidence in the artistic skill which had transformed the laboratories. Students receiving, wore gowns of varying style and color of their own handwork. The rooms were filled with work of the students which represented their accomplishments for the year. All during the afternoon,

crowds of visitors inspected the work of these departments.

The demonstrations reflected much credit on the work of the instructors, Miss Bawden and Miss Fortna.

Commencement

Diplomas were conferred upon sixty-five graduates of the Academy and Junior College on Wednesday morning, June 13.

The procession formed as usual on the lower floor of Metcalf Hall and marched to the auditorium while Miss Schuster played Mendelssohn's March from "Athalie". Prayer was offered by Rev. E. K. Hester of the Methodist Church, Mt. Carroll. Miss Burnton played the beautiful Schumann-Auer "Prophet Bird" on the violin.

President McKee introduced the speaker, Dean Shailer Mathews of the University of Chicago divinity school, who made the address on "Does Education Educate?" Dean Mathews said in part: "Education is not simply to inform, but to carry one into a life of many interests. The educated person has an ever-expanding horizon of interests, broad sympathies, and an organized life. Life is so much more than making a living—it is the avocations that make it interesting. Our morals are determined by the use we make of our leisure hours. If education helps us to make the best use of our leisure hours, it educates."

The list of honor students read by the President included the following College Sophomores:

Berneta Adams	June Overmyer
Virginia Campbell	Frances Shaner
Alice Fox	Dena Shlaes
Ruth Havens	Marguerite Shoemaker
Marion Kranz	Ruth Simmons
Elizabeth Lourie	Katherine Wasson
Katherine Mattes	Vernette White
Madalene Mosher	

and three Academy Seniors: Maurine Bledsoe, Madelaine Mendelsohn, and Emily Reed.

The Elizabeth Percy Konrad honor for excellence in English was awarded to Ruth Simmons of Woodhull.

The names of the graduates were read, as each appeared on the platform for her diploma. Five diplomas were awarded in Speech, one in Public School Music, one in Piano, twenty-three in the Academic department, and 42 in the Junior College.

Following the presentation of diplomas President McKee spoke briefly on the condition and prospects of the School, and expressed appreciation of the confidence placed in the institution by its patrons. The recessional march was led by Kathryn Steinaker as Marshal, and the President and speaker, followed by the Faculty and School, and the ringing of the old bell in Metcalf tower closed the Commencement season.

Y. M. C. A.

Shortly after spring vacation the Y. W. resumed its weekly meetings. Many very interesting meetings followed one after another. The leaders and their subjects were as follows: Helen Beck, "Poise"; Miss Emerson, "Social Service"; Margaret Shoemaker, "Our Future"; Helen Porterfield, "Work".

The election of the new officers of the Cabinet was held on May 24. The officers for the coming year are: President, Gladys Stevens; Vice President, Helen Beck; Treasurer, Maxine Bledsoe; Secretary, Vera Pickeral; Program, Alice Smith; Social Service, Lois Schroth.

On May thirty-first the installation of officers was held. It was an impressive candle service, and the new Cabinet was welcomed into the new year by the President and the Cabinet of this past year. We all wish them the success and the cooperation of the school that the recent Cabinet has enjoyed.

Dramatic Club

On March 22, the Dramatic Club held their formal initiation for three new members—Ruth Brady, Babette Lemon, and Hazel Voltmer. We welcomed these girls into the Club realizing their ability along dramatic lines. In response to the demands of the Club these new members exemplified their ability by presenting on Club night a one-act Russian tragedy. The scene was in a dingy tower room giving the desired mysterious atmosphere.

On May 17 the following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Annette Kirby; Vice President, Catherine Best; Secretary, Beth Cahn; Treasurer, Mona Larson. We sincerely wish them the same success in the coming year as the officers of the past year have achieved.

Kerr Recital

One of the most delightful events of the seventy-fifth commencement week at Frances Shimer was the recital by Elizabeth Kerr, soprano, of the Chicago Civic Opera Company. Miss Kerr is an American girl who received all her training in this country, and of the younger group of artists she has already achieved remarkable success. Her voice is big, and her tones clear, pure, and warm. She gave a well balanced program which she interpreted with intelligence. Not the least of her attractive qualities is her personal charm, and she won her audience at the beginning and held them to the end, giving also a number of encores in answer to repeated recalls. Miss Delphie Lindstrom furnished skillful and sympathetic accompaniments.

The Latin Club

The Latin Club held its last meeting of the year Saturday evening, April 7, at Science Hall. The model Roman house, which had been completed, was exhibited by the Club to all Latin students and members of the faculty. Refreshments were served.

The Roman house is the Club's gift to the Latin department of Frances Shimer and is to be used in the Latin classes of the future. The club derived much pleasure from the making of this house.

Saturday afternoon, May 26, the Latin Club members were entertained at a tea given by Mrs. S. J. Campbell of Mt. Carroll, at her home. Everyone had a delightful afternoon.

THE SCATTERED FAMILY

The RECORD extends sympathy to Beulah Rowlands '08, whose mother died in March, at the family home in Oak Park after a long illness.

Grace Reynolds Squires '07, has recently published "The Witch Hazel Bush", a lovely sketch in memory of her brother, Silas Reynolds.

Janet Miller, '24, is director of a kindergarten, in connection with the public schools of Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Helen Marshall, '26, took the leading part in the "Miller's Daughter", a light opera presented by the Department of Music of Illinois Wesleyan University, in December at the Illinois Theatre in Bloomington.

Hazel Bashaw '26, is teaching at the Cloverdale school in Carroll County.

Miss Pierson, ex-faculty, writes of a pleasant visit with Marion Le Bron Pigman, '17-'18, and her husband in New York, during the winter.

Dorothy Phillips, '25, is teaching in the public school at Seward, Illinois.

Dorothy Jane Parker '25, and Mercedes Brown, '26, visited at the School in March. Dorothy is an instructor in the Michigan State Normal School at Lansing in the Department of Physical Education, and Mercedes is teaching in the Junior High School in Savanna, Illinois.

Mrs. Mary Stephens Huntoon, '70-'72, died at her home in Moline in January. Mrs. Huntoon, widely traveled and broadly cultured, had been for many years a leader in the social, religious, and philanthropic work of her community.

"An Illinois Village" by Sarah E. Finley, '27, appeared in the December number of "The Twig", issued now and then by the Freshman English students of Wellesley College.

Dr. Alice Braunlich, ex-faculty, now head of the Department of Latin in Goucher College, has recently had a poem accepted for publication by Poet Lore.

Helen Cavanaugh, '26, spent the Spring on a Mediterranean Cruise. Greetings came to Frances Shimer friends from her in Cairo. "Next week we shall spend a night out on the desert, and I am determined that fleas, etc., shall not mar the interest of the trip."

Irma Lambert, '26, has a position with the Leath Furniture Company of Rockford as cashier.

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Florence Keiser, '25, writes of spending a pleasant winter at Miami Beach, Florida, where she met Myra Polacheck, '26.

Alice Keighin, '25, is teaching in a rural school at her home in Kempton, Illinois, and keeping house for her father.

Alta Sherrard, '25, is secretary to the Director of the Illinois Historical Society in Chicago. Genevieve Freeman, '20, also has a position there.

Edith Stone, '24, was married on March 4th and is now Mrs. Olson of Spencer Iowa.

Waltressa Hunt, '25, is teaching in the High School at Villa Grove, Illinois.

Dorothy Taft, '25, will spend the summer in California.

Mary Branson, '24, and Evelyn Caille, '24, have an apartment together in Los Angeles. Mary has a secretarial position in the offices of the Board of Education.

Catherine Best, '27, sailed in April to spend the summer in Europe.

Florence Wales, '23-'24, is a chemist in the Mayo Clinic at Rochester, Minnesota.

Elaine Fisher has a position in the Continental and Commercial Bank of Chicago.

Imogene Hamilton, '23-'24, was a member of the class graduating in June from the Marjorie Webster School of Expression and Physical Education in Washington, D. C.

Carolyn Fosdick Emery, '22-'23, resides in Charlotte, N. Carolina, where her husband is in the employ of the United States Fruit Company.

Laura Barrett, '24, has been president of the Y. W. C. A. at the University of Wisconsin during 1927-'28.

Lillian Howard, '24, was a member of the class graduating in June from the School of Nursing of Wesley Memorial Hospital.

Alice Ernst, '22-'23, is teaching in the primary grade of the Detroit (Michigan) public schools.

Friends at Frances Shimer sympathize with Claire Seybold Wallace, '15, in the loss of her husband who died suddenly last fall. Mrs. Wallace is now living with her brother in Chicago.

Martha Barnhart Hoffman, '25, who has been living in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, where her husband is teaching in the state University, was a delegate at large to the Republican National Convention in Kansas City. She had the distinction of being the youngest delegate in attendance.

Katherine Marshall Hinchliff, '17, is living in Spain where her husband represents the interest of the firm of which he is a member.

Mary Kinney, '26, Esther Merchant, '26, and Isabel Ersinger, '26, were graduated in June from the University of Illinois.

Elizabeth Kneeland, '20-'21, has been director of Physical Education for girls in the schools of Webster City, Iowa, during the past year.

Sophy Parker, former instructor in French, is now a member of the faculty of McKendree College.

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

J. Marie Melgaard, '15, is the Head Dietitian at Mt. Sinai Hospital in Philadelphia, Pa.

Mary Nourse, '99, who has been teaching in Dana Hall, Wellesley, Mass., will go in September as instructor in History, to Mount Vernon Seminary in Washington, D. C. She will spend the summer with her sister, Alice Nourse Tinsdale, in Paris.

Edith McBrady, '26, has completed the second year in medical work in the University of Minnesota.

Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Oman (Janet Tarrson, '19) called at the School in June.

Julia Carr, '27, has resigned her position in the Junior High School of Savanna, Illinois, and will enter the University of Wisconsin, in September.

Mrs. Anna Wood Pease of DeWitt, Iowa, writes of her plan to be present at the celebration of the seventy-fifth anniversary. She attended school in '69-'71 and was a roommate of Flora Dennison Dinehart of the class of '71.

Marriages

Annemarie Weeks, ex-faculty, to Mr. Wilmot Archibald Audsley Beaver, on March 24, 1928, at San Pedro, California.

Ruth Wheeler, '23-'24, to Mr. Graham Morse Dean, on April 16, 1928, at Fort Dodge, Iowa. At home 311 North Capitol Street, Iowa City, Iowa.

Mabelle Cubbon, '22, to Mr. Ilo Ernest Cook on June 6, 1928, at Elizabeth, Illinois.

Eleanor Welch, '24, to Mr. Rolla Merle Keatts on June 16, 1928, at Lexington, Illinois. At home 1621 Farwell Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Births

To Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Kay Stiles (Rose Dutton, '24) a son, William Dutton, March 22, 1928 at Sycamore, Illinois.

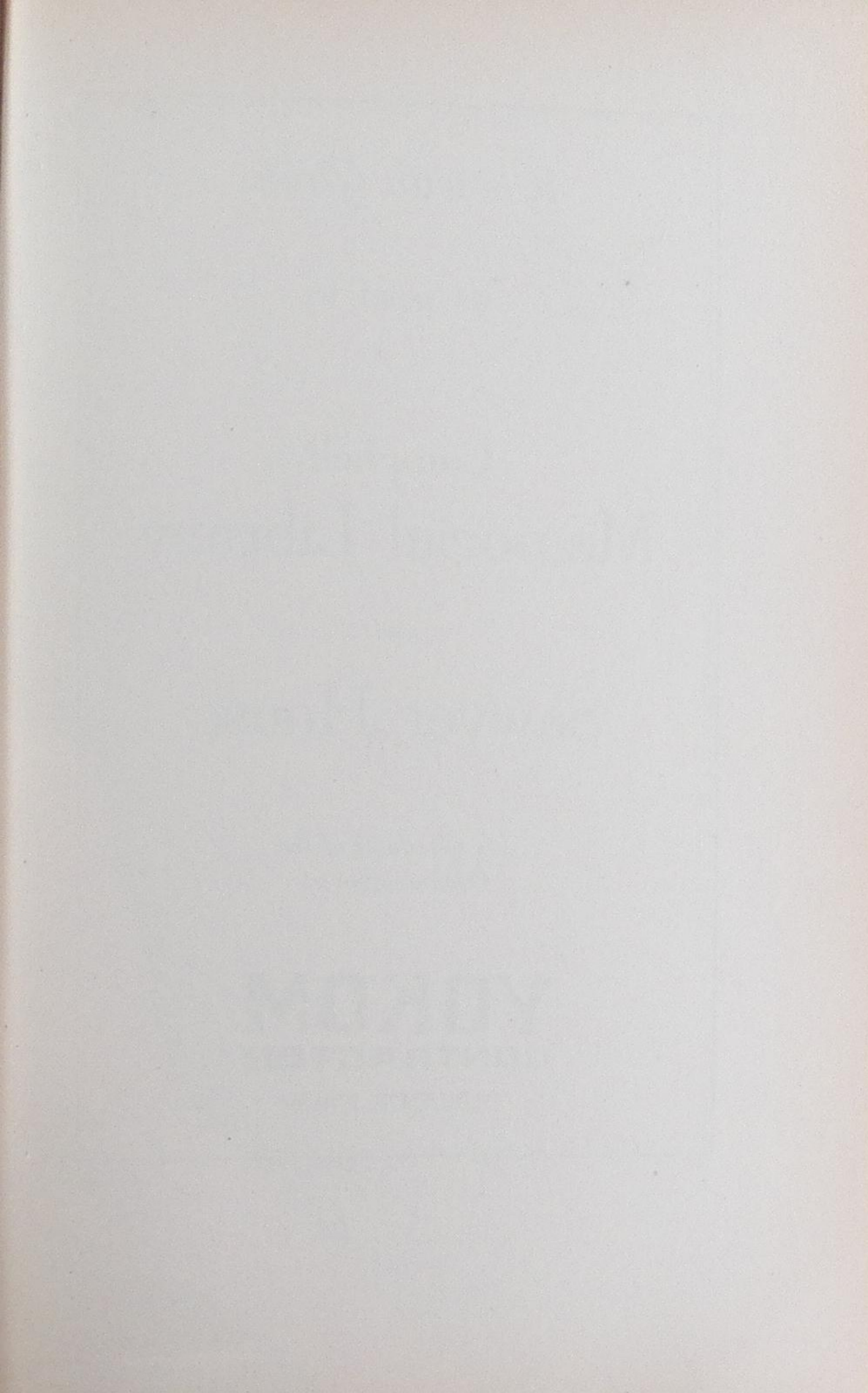
To Mr. and Mrs. Fred Swape Traudeau (Margaret Wilder, '26) a daughter, Adrienne, on March 24th at Rifle, Colorado.

Cards have been received announcing the first appearance of Eldon William, on April 18, 1928 under the management of Mr. and Mrs. Eldon B. Austen (Gladys Jacobson, ex-faculty) at Boston, Massachusetts.

To Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Gilpin (Ruth Bowman, '25) a daughter, Patricia Ruth, on April 24, 1928, at Carmi.

To Mr. and Mrs. John L. Emery (Carolyn Fosdick, '22-'23) a son, John Fosdick, at Charlotte, North Carolina.

To Mr. and Mrs. Paul Chandler Smith (Leah Jane Johnson, '23-'24) a daughter, Lucy Joan, May 23, 1928.



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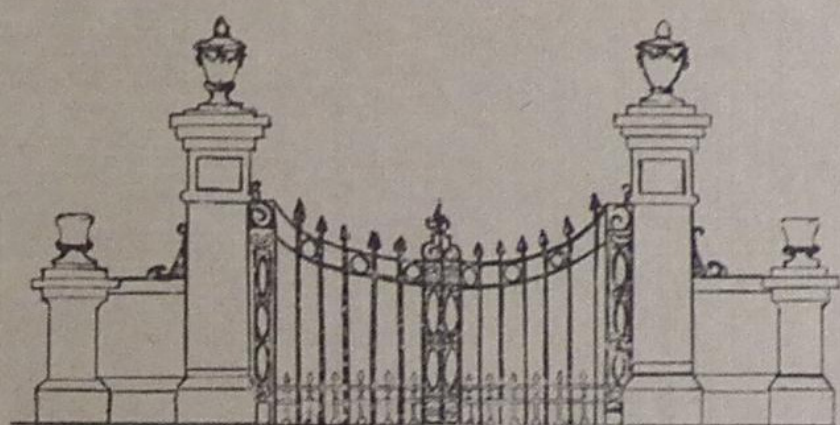
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October 1928



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